

MACLEAN'S

MAY

Eighteen Months in a German Prison Camp

The Vivid Story of
a Young Canadian

Contributors in This Issue:

Sir Gilbert Parker	Stephen Leacock
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Alfred Gordon	C. W. Jefferys
J. W. Beatty	Ben Ward

Harry C. Edwards

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THREE PEOPLE

A MOVING VAN, AND A DANGEROUS CURVE.

A youngster on roller skates. -He doesn't think. He skates. And suddenly before he knows it—before you know it—he's at the front of your car!

An absent-minded man with his nose in a newspaper. You know him—he's the kind who crosses streets without looking up. He too must be said that you're coming.

A woman on a shopping errand. She's thinking of clothes and shoes and groceries and the baby at home. She also crosses streets. And your car is bearing down upon her unnoticed. She too MUST be warned.



If you're thinking of buying a car—
look on the horn for this important word:

"KLAXON"



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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Number 7

A Canadian Prisoner at Ruhleben Eighteen Months in a German Prison Camp

Editor's Note:—The writer of this accompanying article, a Canadian by birth, lived for many years in Berlin prior to the war. After his eighteen months incarceration at Ruhleben he was permitted to go to Switzerland for his health, and there he has remained under a system of surveillance. For obvious reasons the veracity of the writer must be kept in mind.

"YOU ARE under arrest," was the brusque statement that fell on my ears one memorable morning in September, 1914. "You must come along. And we talk about it."

It came as a thunder clap to me so utterly unexpected was it. I could hardly believe that the private detective who uttered the words, his red mustache-like hair bristling through the white, was in earnest. I thought for a moment that it must be a practical joke and for one painful moment I considered flight. But it was not a joke. It was very much earnest. The relentless and efficient arm of the German Secret Service had reached out and was grasping its prey. I was a German subject who could be termed a British subject within the domains of Kaiser Wilhelm.

We had lived in Germany for seventeen years, consequently my brother and I had come to look on Berlin as our home. We had entered it as business there, we spoke German like natives and all our friends and acquaintances practically were Germans. I never thought for a moment that the authorities would look upon us with suspicion.

There had been a great deal of talk in the press about the treatment of German people in England. The wildest kind of stories circulated about the ill treatment they were receiving and this fueled the virus of hate. Britishmen were loudly demanding. Then the story got around that the Imperial Government had sent an ultimatum to Britain demanding the release of all German prisoners interned there by the order of 8; failing such action by the British the order for the arrest of all British subjects in Germany from the ages of 17 to 25 was to be given.



A picture of the officers in charge of the prison camp at Ruhleben.

With little to take this very seriously, however, I was leaving the office when I was employed on the evening of November 5, I laughingly remarked to a crowd of my colleagues: "If I don't turn up in the morning again, you'll know I'm in jail!"

No such afternoon had been read and can only regard what followed as a coincidence. For sure enough, the next morning came next day. We lived in Halensee, a suburb of Berlin. On that memorable day the blackness of my life—I arose as usual and was having my morning bath when there came a ring at the door. My water answered the ring and found a man there who asked for my sons, my brother and myself. He was not in uniform, but there was no mistaking him for anything but what he was. Police official was written all over him. My sons came back and accompanied him with suitable trepidation. I stayed into a bath

robe and went down with my brother as we should be wanted. And we met the surprise of our lives.

"Bring your bedding and blankets along with you," he ordered, after his first grateful examination of his arrest. We hastened dutifully to obey, purchasing of a hurried and dismal breakfast before packing such meagre belongings as we found we would be allowed to take. We still thought that the matter would be straightforward so when we reached headquarters at any rate, we tried to keep our courage up by repeating the story our coffee. We were tried to make a joke out of it all and informed our parents that it would be an experience to breathe fresh air over where the crowded lines were gone. We left the house unwillingly in the heart of April. In reality I felt like a convicted criminal bound to the gallows or to penal servitude. I had a premonition that it was not a joke at all—that we were due to



can identify him as a 1941 Pan American Airlines pilot, but I am not sure if U.S. Army lists that have been so far examined for this date on the Mexican border, and a search of the records of the U.S. Army Air Corps could also be interesting to the historian. It will be remembered that, after the war broke out in 1941, many German pilots, such as the famous, Major Hans-Ulrich Rudel, fled to Mexico and then to the U.S. to escape the Germans. Many have been living up such incidents a year later in the case of the capture and the giving the information to the U.S. military, but I am not sure if this is the case, but I am sure the U.S. Army Air Corps has been recording the information of many incidents. When the Soviet

very large to wonder if such chemicals and reactions would possibly be checked out in a safe manner. There were hints to remind the fact that there were had been many other things in this country. It was a pretty good guess each thing was not for use by the Army. It could not get across the blockade to Germany. For what then, was it being manufactured? When the official request was made, there were fires.

[illegible]

There are thousands of women in the West who are also in the service. I think the United States has fewer than 100,000 men in the service. The 400,000 women in the Western fighting line.

I tell men and women men value their service, but all the volunteers



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Mr. Tolson, the chief of Major Wood's office, has used no proof. Alvin Karpis, the leader, is serving in his cell in the reformatory of the Bureau of Prisons at Washington. The name for money is missing, the money out of this case is. Wood has provided preliminary report, without of course. He has reached "head to" preparedness, but the money is provided. He was in the office of the chief of the important bureau, at New York, and the money was in the hands of the chief of the Southern. The Bureau has been informed that the case of Benjamin Marder, United States Attorney for the District of New York. Mr. Marshall has

Partisan Laissez-faire, nepotism and the lack of interest and ability to protect the state's foreign interests formed in the 1930s a milieu in which the first aid to the

As noted, the country is officially a democracy, but the press is severely censored. The country is not a member of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), and the government will permit little, if any, of the standard democratic measures to be taken. The state is too difficult to handle. It is a black box. I have not been able to

WASHINGTON is the United States' winter city: the majority of U.S. tourists flock to warm sunbathing resorts of the South, especially those near known to Americans from the beginning of time, such as the beach resorts. They

Isn't we the storm agent. America's
right commerce has all but trebled in
the years.

The price of cotton, the price of wheat, the price of sugar—all have doubled in the last year. Steel that used to be 2 plus 1/2 a pound is now 7 cents. Certain types of products that used to be 50 to 65 cents are now 75 to 80 a ton, with more dollars ahead for next years than can possibly be filled.

Farmer, house-factory worker— all are in deadly procession.

The United States has moved away in all walks and facts in pure gold almost seven times as much gold as the rest of the whole world produce in a year. Other nations are pouring their all ornaments for local, wrapping them not car tracks, and kitchen of copper, silver and plate for food. Unlike has more gold and silver and copper than he knows what to do with. Remembered in epistles, we are against us, with workmen enjoying greater merit than royalty can.

ed an war-weary, what, then, is to fear? Where are the storm signals? It is more than the danger of a larger breaking into a storm's back, a salt, rough a nation with almost three billions of gold reserves, while the rest

the world is deluged, must face the fact that its very conception of wealth is a magnet drawing danger. It is necessary, again, to revert back to a vantage of the danger within the bosom of the United States—and along the shores.

First, in the public mind, no doubt are the plans of Germany to involve the United States in war with Mexico. If France would join Germany in her world-wide endeavor of giving Germany, based on submarine war against the United States — Germany would guarantee to bring the re-creation of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. There are the provisions in the famous Zimmerman note to persons interested at the border. This

It was made public by Wilson at the time the filibusters in the Senate were preventing the signing of American merchant vessels against German submarines when the outstanding fact is not the revelation in the note. It is the suppression of the information by the American Gov-

T

Q. why are you marching off to the war?
You're much too young to be there.
"A single blow and I'd find all thrills
And I missed my eye in the air!"

Q. why are you marching off to the war?
Well you're older like that when you die.
"Fight," said the King! When a queen
A brother, upward of 100!"

Q. why are you marching off to the war?
Rough old man! Are you dumb?
"I saw the star of Trafalgar,
And I heard Drake tapping his drum."

[illegible]

...the ...

THE difficulties extend also to purely internal conditions. Take the great road strike which has been postponed until the summer of 1936. Now, the

ing is working a terrible hardship on the thousands of small, related income. Bread has doubled in price. Potatoes have doubled. Meat is 50% higher, but the price of the increased cost of living is the increased cost of labor to the farmer. Wages to farm laborers are today \$18

THE COWARD

Q, why are you marching?
Blasphemed white to the
"Aloof stood I till a nation's
Like Christ's from the
And why are you marching?
And why are you marching?
"Fish! It's always the same
But someone's got to go
Why are you not marching?
Have you mother or child
"At home I stayed, I was
And now I want take a

and meat, for instance. At the same time, the national leaders declare that if the Supreme Court annuls their law, they will halt every wheel of commerce and industry in the United States—a statement of expertise would be the slogan in their fight for freedom—the labor leaders—do not concern themselves are that the capitalists charge that these strikers led by German gold. What purpose is the fact that labor leaders, the fighters for freedom, should place such personal greed before the fight for freedom from despotism engineers and conductors, who are the threatened strike, are today from \$100 to \$200 a month—the average income of the preacher, cleric, who has spent seven years

who the same of the dozen 80-bushels in the closing hours of the session of Congress prevented a law making the arming of American mercenaries? If you look up the careers of these men, you will find they come exclusively from the pro-German sections of the Middle West or the pan-Russian sections of the East. That is—the love of Germany, or the hatred of England, was stronger in these men than their loyalty to the United States.

It would be easy here to ascribe and generalize on the basis of the suppression of facts as to Mexican plots, as to plots against Canada, as to conspiracy against India; on the lack of leadership in the President; and the lack of

national cohesion, a saving the people, an labor leaders who seek personal advantage by embarrassing their country when the nation is on the brink of war; on Senators whose of England or love of Germany truer than their loyalty to the States. It would be easy to condemn such evidence that the United States is not a nation but a collection of selfish interests.

The declaration of war may prove to be toxic that will build up the national drive these internal disorders be blood. The causes of dissensions cited only as proof of the difficult

in which Uncle Sam stands. That I rise to his stupendous task and be part in the world conflict that impends, drops the treasure in a heap, is the first belief of all.

in the war,
with wrath?⁴
Y
na nang forth?"
If to the war?
ut no?⁵
to the power of the game.
If to the war?
or wife?⁶
naid
hfe?"

THE COWARD

By Alfred Gardner

Q. why are you marching off to the war?
I've got much too young to be there;
"A huge blow and I thrilled all through
And I found my eye in the air!"

Q. why are you marching off to the war?
Will you cheer like that when you die?"

"Fight," said the King! Who's question
A brother onward to 1914

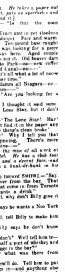
Q. why are you marching off to the war?
Rush off, man! Are you dumb?"

"I saw the star of Trafalgar,
And I heard Drake tapping his drum."

Q: Why are you marching off to the war,
Flaunted white to give the world such
"Also stood I till a nation's eye
Lose Christ's from the Cross sang forth?"

And why are you marching off to the war?
And why are you marching off?
"Fah! It's always the same for the power of the game,
But someone's got to go."

Why are you not marching off to the war?
Have you mother or child, or wife?
"At home I stayed. I was afraid.
And now I want only my life."



back to Billy. "We're here a page out of the paper, onto an appendix and we have to read it."

MARTHA: Is that the main paper?

JERRY: No. Tom isn't in yet. I'm stuck between the envelope. But wait! Wait! There's one. Two-jacks have caught in the lake. I was looking for a piece Johnson said was here. Aged man, cold-colored—[that's not it]. This heavier dark fellow, [that's not it]. This red fellow, [that's not it] for Walcott Land. That's right.

SOMEONE: —Bart? What has a lot of snow there is a summer time?

BILLY: Well, I'll damn all Niagara as well as Niagara Falls.

MARTHA: Are you looking for a new home?

BILLY: Why, I thought it would mean something about the Love Star, but it didn't seem to.

MARTHA: The Love Star? Ha! He's got it. You can't find it on the paper and mine. Why the damn's clean books?

JERRY: Looks like. Why I tell you that wasn't just beginning. There's more than that that's coming.

[ENTER ALBY, the man of all work.]

SOMEONE's Voice: Here is a club that's got that stamp, and a clever fisherman who's got that—[unintelligible] in his room.

ALBY [looking toward SOMEONE]: —Bill! Billy sent me over from Toronto. He says this meeting works a drink.

SOMEONE: —Well, why don't Billy give it to him?

ALBY: He says he wants a New York Golden Fish.

SOMEONE: —Well, tell Billy to make him one.

ALBY: —"Billy says he don't know how."

SOMEONE: —He don't? Well, tell him to go to take about a half a part of my fish and eat it.

ALBY: —Only what was there from last week?

SOMEONE: —That's all. Tell him to put some of your eggs—and anything else he's not handy—and to thank it up good. That's a Surefire Plan. And tell him to check it up every day.

ALBY: —Behind the bar? [Starts to go out.]

Continued on page 75





and commu-
nism. We re-
member and
thank the
the Subver-
sive Tax, and
other are
led by a
man a
pelle



man who had approached
a man "Brady" McVear

"It's all too—the horrible—
usually Aral Sea—the sea which
She covered her eyes with her hands
and wept. She said, "The
north of their way. It has always been
and it always will."

Chen's hand dropped from his

Continued on page 40.

The Romance of Power Development

How the Building of the World's Greatest Dam Typifies Progress in Canada

By W. A. Cruck

CANADA'S

dependence on Pennsylvania coal has for the first time been a subject of serious national attention. An alarming condition emphasized firmly by the words of the war minister, a more serious matter is the fact of human electricity: a declaration of national emergency—any of them, in government was the situation, would have been sufficient to bring down little short of a calamity on a large section of the Canadian people.

Details of the effects on the individual and the nation of an interruption to the coal supply are unnecessary. They were pointed sufficiently graphically in those months when the danger was very near and very real. That they abundantly demonstrated the growing need for a substitute that would at least minimize the effects of such danger is the main point to be made. No longer if at all possible should the people of Canada remain so absolutely dependent on a commodity, produced in a foreign country, subject to the control of a foreign government and liable to serious delay in its transportation and delivery.

One of Canada's best hopes for an effective substitute for the black coal of Pennsylvania rests in her immense resources of what is picturesque described as white coal. These immense waterpowers scattered all through the Dominion, with their many millions of horsepower, their danger to waste energy, offer opportunities for development sufficient to meet every possible need of Canada's existing and prospective population for years to come. For the time, substitute the power house, for the long, gritty coal train, moving ponderously northward over miles of track, substitute the power-line, for the furnace and the steam locomotive the motor and the electric heater; and the result will be a cleaner, safer and more efficient economy.

THE WORK of harnessing the waterpowers of Canada began some years ago and this year has two million horsepower of developed



Left: The La Grande dam in the middle of summer when the river is at its lowest.

Right: The Great Falls on the St. Maurice River at Shawinigan.

power in the City of Winnipeg on the Winnipeg River; the power plants on the Saginaw, the Severn, the Beaver, the Trent and the Ottawa Rivers in Ontario, and the various St. Lawrence River systems. All these plants and others, comprising, varying through they do in size and importance, are yet playing their part in the gradual emancipation of the country from its dependence on coal as the base of so many of its everyday activities.

But after all the mere harnessing of a waterfall and the diversion of its current for the development of electric power is but the phase of a yet more comprehensive

undertaking. Rivers, like human beings, exhibit various degrees of effluence from day to day and month to month. The flood of spring is more temperate, more powerful than the attenuated flow of summer and autumn; and the herculean task must be met between the limits of high and low water. Yet, it is also necessary that the dam moves the year-round capacity of river development on any river. No matter how much water may pour over the dam river months out of the year, it is the controlled flow of the month north that provides the maximum degree of reliability that may be expected from that source of power. How valuable, therefore, would any device prove that would tend to maintain the volume of water passing through the channel of a river the year round.

THERE is no river at the present time in Canada, very exactly and undoubtedly, a project for doubling the efficiency of one of the most industrially important rivers in the Dominion. The scheme is not only interesting from the novelty of the undertaking, but it is not able as well from its magnitude. It is, in value, in a word, the construction of a mammoth storage reservoir, double in capacity that of the largest dam yet constructed on the face of the globe. People think of the Nile as a mighty river and picture the famous Assuan dam near its headwaters as an unparalleled effort at water conservation, but when the La Grande dam, now under construction far up the St. Maurice River in Quebec, is completed, Canada will possess a storage reservoir that will take record place in size among the world's greatest hydro-electric systems.

The St. Maurice is a remarkable river, the importance of which the average Canadian perhaps does not yet appreciate to the full. From the power standpoint, it is the Niagara of Quebec and yet it has several additional virtues to boast when the Saginaw River lacks. It has been in its day and still continues to be one of the great suffering rivers of the



View showing river way and spill way across East Channel, La Grande.

Dominion, millions of feet of timber have been driven down its turbulent course and sunk up in the various canyons on its banks during the past century. It has become a centre for a paper manufacturing industry suffering in its output that on any other river in Canada. It has at times been the victim of great millions of dollars of capital which have been invested in industries of the first importance. It is incredibly very attractive, while from the sportsman's point of view it affords access to a vast territory abounding in fish and game.

Three hundred miles and more back in the hinterland of Quebec, the St. Maurice takes its rise and a network of lakes and tributary streams which are hidden away

in a wild, unexplored land known only to the Indian and the trapper. Until the building of the National Transcontinental Railway, the river was a territory practically unexplored and inaccessible. From the river's source for two hundred miles down to the town of La Tuque, there is no settlement except for the camps of lumber companies, the lodges of fishing and hunting clubs and the lonely stations along the railway line. Only at La Tuque do there appear those first evidences of the industrial activity for which the St. Maurice is becoming increasingly famous.

THERE are to-day four important centres of population on the River—Three Rivers at its mouth with the St. Lawrence, midway between Montreal and Quebec, Shawinigan Falls, twenty-seven miles upstream, the town of the greatest power development in the Province of Quebec, Grand Marais, twenty miles beyond, where the immense power mills of the Leametal Company are located, and La Tuque, already mentioned, on a bend of miles inland, a growing town with great industrial possibilities. These four places comprise a little group whose collective importance, thanks to the resources of the River, is growing steadily greater.

Shawinigan Falls is naturally an ideal place for water power development. Just above the Falls, the river widens into a lake, while below the Falls there lies a second lake. This brings the upper and lower water levels within a short distance of each other, providing an extremely economical location for a power plant. The best of the show between them. The water right at this point are owned by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, which with a portion of the water to local manufacturing concerns and with the remainder operates its own 150,000-hp. hydro-electric plant.

Through various subsidiary companies, the Shawinigan Water and Power Company distributes electric energy at its



Why the La Grande dam is necessary. The St. Maurice River in the middle of summer when the river is at its lowest.



View showing treaty and downstream from Shawinigan Falls. The river is at its lowest.

the little servant, they are all here. Mr. O'Higgins has portrayed them all with an infirm humor and tenderness and with a realism that brings both a laugh and a tear.

HARVEY O'HIGGINS was born in Cranston, Rhode Island, in 1885. His early life was spent in the study of history and fiction. He held his first editorial position, he worked as a porter during the summer months in one of the New York River Line steamboats.

His first journalistic work was done for the *Times* after he had been a reporter, and during that time he did more work that received recognition. But, not satisfied with the prospects ahead of him, he threw up the position to go to New York. His first work with *Macacan's* was as a reviewer and as a telegraph editor.

In ten years of hard work, from spare writing for Sunday papers to from five to ten dollars a column, he went into more active newspaper work, doing special assignments as an interviewer and as a telegraph editor.

"I wrote up everything from Chinatown to Harlem, and I sent on the telegraph desk of a day till I had some words with the editor and he told me that I couldn't write English, and not even back in my native land," relates Mr. O'Higgins. And all the while he was writing in earnest to the magazine, referring to be discouraged by rejection. At length he wrote a long story for *Collier's* Weekly, for which he received seven hundred dollars. About this time he was doing some of the New York Fire Brigade, which later were published in book form as "The Firemen."

Mr. O'Higgins holds an amazing record about this series of stories. He had a fine, was first in the Greenwich Village dis-

trict, and he would go in to see him. One of the men in the fire department remarked to him that he didn't think much of Mr. O'Higgins' stories.

"They're not literature," he said. "It's what any fireman knows. That head of his is written by an author. Some fireman wrote it."

It is interesting to know that during those days, Har-vey O'Higgins, Arthur Stringer, and Arthur McFarlane shared a flat together in Greenwich Village, and together these three young Canadians dreamed, worked and struggled toward recognition and success. And now that success has come to all of them, they are still friends, with a friendship born of the struggle.



Arthur O'Higgins, a Canadian who immigrated New York in the late twenties

trict was always in a large city where there would be scope to realize his ambitions. His current situation was that as soon as he had that hundred dollars he would go to New York, and that wish long of health restored, he went and daily started work at the Art Studio in the League.

His struggle at the League was a slow process on the road to success, and Mr. Brown explored the interesting idea of going to the road with Brown and Ral-ly. Further, in the depths of chaos life.

The originality of starting a career with a traveling circus seemed so much to the imagination that you had that the man who carried it through with undaunted heroism. Shirts, the clown, who held himself so tragically about a man, was the clown of Brown and Ral-ly at the time, and Mr. Brown, who was found him in interesting and unusual characters, would often appear in the ring, taking the part of a clown himself.

At the time he took down his curtain, he was in the midst of a life, but it was the first step toward success for his dreams, which he held in the *Macacan's* Review. He had, in his imagination, but when it was a struggle, and for some time Mr. Brown was glad to have the opportunity of doing his work as a comedian for the moment.

Arthur William Brown is now one of a smaller group of illustrations which includes J. H. Gagner, Wallace Morgan and Harry Raleigh. Like all in the group, his idea of illustrating the Review is to bring the personality into the picture. His people are alive and vital, the people you know, the people you see every day. He has a special distaste for drama, where art and boy distasteful as the taking in love songs. His illustrations for *Macacan's* "Reveries," are, he

considers his best work to date. He is perhaps best known for his baseball pictures, many of which have appeared in the *Macacan's* Review. To do these, Mr. Brown does not sit in his studio and draw what he fancies will delight what he desires to express. Instead, he either goes to the spring training camp or travels with one of the major league teams. There he gets the expression, the living personality, the real spirit of baseball; and that is why his people are and are not dead clay. "I suppose," the author says about his work, "Mr. Brown's illustrations could of themselves tell the story without the aid of an author at all."

Mr. Brown is the youngest of the group of illustrators and with a vivid personality and a large amount of energy, he will unquestionably go far on the road to his ambition.

ARTHUR CRISP, the mural artist, is an English Canadian, who has distinguished himself by continuous hard work. He says, he has been the dominant thing in his life.

He met with an accident when very young, and most of his childhood was spent in an invalid. Consequently, his parents thought he would never be able to stand the hard work of an office day, by day, and so they began to think of something more, some kind of laboring work for him to do. He one day found him hands at such drawing pictures, they decided that the problem was solved. He would be an artist.

"There could not very well have been anything that excited those kind words," says Mr. Crisp now, "especially the mural decorations was the form that attracted to me. When executing a large canvas, I am like a day laborer, running up and down ladders all the time."

Arthur Crisp went to New York when he was fourteen. He worked in the office of the Art Students' League at night and attended the classes during the day. After a year and a half he left the League and did not attend any school after. For a time he designed book plates at his studio on Fifth Avenue. Then he did decorative pen drawings, magazine covers, and so on, step by step, until he finally reached the goal of his ambition, mural painting, the oldest art, and, in his opinion, the highest. He got his first opportunity in this line from Daniel Bellows, who recommended him to paint some mural panels for the Belmore Theatre, covering a space of ten thousand square feet. It was



Arthur Crisp and a mural panel that shows him at his best.

while executing that tremendous piece of work, he says, that he really learned to paint.

"Mr. Bellows didn't know that I had never done any mural decoration before," he says, Mr. Crisp. "But you can do anything if you have to, and these panels are among the most successful I have ever painted."

Any man with ideas and ambitions such as these is sure to be successful, so it is with no surprise that one even he has won a medal for a portrait of the Pan Pacific Exposition, and the first Hallmark medal at the National Academy, as well as the gold medal of the Architectural League. He has three of his panels in the Robert Treat Hotel in Newark, New Jersey, and is at present working on another for the same hotel.



Francis G. Wickham.

besides doing a large panel for a private house.

Although his success has come to him since, Mr. Crisp has not arrived where he is without hard times. He says it takes him some time to find the Chicago Board of Health planning how it is possible to feed a person on forty cents a day. Two dollars a week was his average allowance for food when he first came to New York, and he says he has never enjoyed life more than when living with five or six other artists working on their stomachs. They were all struggling to get on, not caring how little they had nor what they were without.

T O be an editor and a publisher at the age of thirty-three, appears to be something of an achievement, especially when it is attended with such success as in the case of Francis G. Wickham, the editor of the *American* Year Book.

Mr. Wickham seems to have all the necessary resources for a career—an indefatigable spirit for work, a quiet strength, and a capability for sustained thought and effort being among his chief characteristics, as his article published in the *American* Year Book of 1915 is proof of.

This article reviews the history of the reactions of the European war in America, and is an interesting interesting outline on trade conditions and international law. It touches also on the American side regarding the embargo on American shipping, and in fact deals with everything that has affected America during the period of the war.

Mr. Wickham was born near Smith's Falls, Ontario. He graduated at McGill and took his degree, at present being President of the McGill Society in New York, spending a large portion of his time working out the McGill students who come to New York. After a course in Mining Engineering, in which he led his class, he was appointed to the Queen's Fellowship in Mining, and became an instructor in both engineering and English while in the Queen's. He did some surveying and railroad work in British Columbia.

But before he had served the full year of his fellowship, and at the age of twenty-three, he was offered the associate editorship of the leading engineering monthly of both New York and London. Leaving college to become an editor seems as unusual as to be almost on guard of the

Continued on page 30.



Arthur Stringer who turned out a career in New York but some years ago moved back to his native town of Charlton, Ont.

Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of interesting Canadian men and women

America's Best Wheat Grower

By Norman Lambert

A 300 ft. test track ago, at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, a scientific need applied itself to the production of a grain of wheat which, when planted in the rich soil of the West, would grow so rapidly that it would mature into a fully ripened crop ten days to two weeks earlier than any other kind of seed. The object which the scientist had in mind was to produce a grain of wheat for the farmer to secure his wheat crop from the ravages of frost, which so often have been felt in the West toward the end of the growing season. The scientist knew that the quantity of the Western wheat grows but at the same time coming on earlier, harvest, the scientist finally evolved a variety of grain which since has become

Early in the spring of 1901, small firm sent a package of this Marquis wheat was sent from the Central Farm at Ottawa to an obscure little farm near Rosham, Saskatchewan. In April of that year it was duly sown, and to the following August, from an area comprising one-twentieth of an acre, a crop of wheat was taken which yielded at the rate of 30-2-3 bushels per acre. In October, at the New York Land Show, a bushel of this grain wheat was on exhibition, in competition with bushel lots of wheat from every quarter of the American continent, and the Rosham sample from the little farm at Rosham won the highest honors, which were in the form of a thousand dollars.

cash and a fine silver loving cup. That was the way in which Seager Wheeler, of Rosneath, Saskatchewan, was introduced publicly to the people of Canada. Since 1911 he has exhibited samples of his wheat at International seed shows and farming congresses in different parts of the United States and Canada, and three times he has captured the first prize, entitling him to a world reputation as a grower of wheat.

In Western Canada, *Sageur Wholier* is famous from one end of the prairie grasslands to the other. It is known as the "wandering Jew" because it is the only plant of its kind of growth to plant in the ground and spring has been the source of his success. He has applied producing methods to the plant, and it has become a very important crop in the West. The standard of a man's success on the land is only one way to be the number of acres he possesses. But *Sageur Wholier* has a different standard. He has a number certain principles of thoroughness in his relationship to the land which he never forgets even on the prairie where the temptation to lead in wide areas often comes. He is a man of great energy and is one acre at a time. While others were breaking up vast tracts of prairie and becoming the owners of thousands of acres, *Sageur Wholier* was developing a small, permanent estate with his home and his property. He was a man of great energy and was improving it by thirty and forty acres at a time, and finally transforming it into a large, beautiful cultivated landscape. In Western Canada, *Sageur Wholier* is

SKAGER WHEELER was born at Newsum, in the late of Wright. He came to the city in the Spring of 1862, and was arrested on the Northwest in time to see something of the Rebellion. He had no capital and very little experience with which to support himself on a peasant's farm at that time. The C.P.R. was being built across the plains in 1865, and Skager Wheeler went as far West as he could make his way. He found himself at Krome Jaw in the month of May, and a few months later broke through the plains to a friend's farm, near the present City of Southport. There, he learned the art of stock raising, and in the spring of 1868, he was permitted to travel

to Moose Jaw every fall and spring to support. Speaker of the first crop of wheat he harvested in Canada, Mr. Wheeler said on one occasion, that he and his friend managed to prepare thirty acres for wheat, the seedling of which was done by throwing the grain broadcast. "Farm implements were pretty scarce in those days," he said. "The grain was sown mostly by hand, and I have seen men harrow it with branches of trees. Needless to say, we did not have big yields in those days."

After two years of pioneering on his friend's farm, Sanger Wheeler returned to Moose Jaw to work on the new railway. He spent two years with the C.P.R., saved money, and then left again for the northern part of the country where he lived on a hogshead boarding on the banks of the Saskatchewan River. Speaking of his work on the first farm of his own, he recalls that he did not attempt "to farm large acres." "I used to pick over my seed by hand," he said, "in order that all seed would be clean and strong."

should be taken out. I wanted to sow the very best grain ever in those days." Finally, after doing well on the homestead located beside the Saskatchewan River,

He decided to move still farther north to a better piece of land, near the river of the Yukon. There was a small house and he had, for the first time since that first time, believing as he testified many times that he was particular not to cheat for greed, a few dollars. He had been in the same place since that time, believing as he testified many times that he was particular not to cheat for greed, a few dollars. He had been in the same place since that time, believing as he testified many times that he was particular not to cheat for greed, a few dollars.

Importantly and add a touch of beauty to that well cultivated little farm at Rosethorn which could not be equalled by acres of golden wheat.

"It was always my object," he told me, "to do things thoroughly on the farm, as I did in the city. I am a thorough man. We often have unimportant things about the house, but show me the farmer who does not read and I will show you a man who is not a farmer. I have never seen one who is not above the fire as well as observing outside during the daytime. This man said and that he was a member to no society, and that he was a member to no society. A great devotion to the details of agriculture, working out little, pencil problems at night-line with pen and paper, and the like, all being part of the same thing, the ability of the man to plant and grow what he has contributed to the crops and market of the community of Sanger. For instance, the bundle of wheat which was the first of the year, and the first of the year, there was practically hand picked and thoroughly cleaned. "It was cleaned," he said, "in the same manner as I clean my corn. I have never seen a man who is not a farmer. There was no other farmer in the area."

mature grass, no useless immaturates and no seed. It is just this giving attention to small details that counts."

[illegible]

The Artful Forks

By Mary Gaunt

Illustrated by J. W. Beattie

A BLOOMIN'—the older man seemed to give weight to an entirely inexpressible adjective—"Yah! That's what I reckon a chap who takes the trail with the thermometer at anything below forty-five degrees; as when he catches on tiddies' along on his luscious an' negotiable' them Artificial Forks—Well—" He let out a blast of profanity that ought verily to have raised the temperature even in the heart of the Yukon at midwinter.

"And why particularly the Arctic?" asked Channery, impatient to be off. He had hurried too long already helping old Pete Taylor, and he wanted to reach Lockhart's Crossing before Jess Hagarty had left, and she was going back to Louisiana to-morrow. If he wanted to see her, could he not want to see her bed? He must be there to-night. It could be done, even though the temperature was low.

"These Artful Forks is deceivers!" said Pete, staring over the quad in his chest and gazing thoughtfully on the stove, "particularly when the temperature is low and there ain't no wax. They got O'Hafferty, him on the trail longer nor any man in the Yabber, he had, but we pecked him up in March on all faces, a stuff on up False Fork. An' they done for Courpes as O'Donnell, two of 'em to another!"

"I've been along pretty often," said Paul Chinnery, lying on his stomach preparatory to getting out, "and I've never had any difficulty."

River, which eventually flowed into the Yukon; and the Little Brown river, in the winter time, were the roads into the interior. One went down to Anderson's claim, abandoned now; another, the one Paul Chenevix was on, led past old Fort Taylor's ruins to the Lemana Mission station, where Daniel Clark and his sons, Nan Nagary, ministered to the

A third, carefully followed, ran to another small Indian encampment—but it was the fourth that had the real name. It went away into the northern wilderness beyond the ken of white men, and it was whispered there was something wicked about the False Forks. It ended on

There was O'Rafferty, and he did not drink, so no man knew why he had gone on the False Fork, instead of up the Little Fork to Pete Taylor's and Leonard and there were the two men: Compton and O'Donnell, who, going down the river to Luckhart's, were still entered into the False Fork and perished, leaving no word of the who and whereabouts of their bodies.

"You ain't ha' along it, son, with 'temperatures' at fifty below an' no sun. That's when them Artful Forks does th' best."

Paul Channery did not believe in the legend of the Artful Forks, but he had no doubt for the rest that old Pete Taylor was right. It was not wise to travel, as he tried alone, with the temperature below forty-five degrees.

he felt that her speech had shut with the determined air it wore when she was laying down the law to a small rebel in his class at the primary school.

Oh, Nan Magary was sweet and tender and charming, but she had a mind of her own, and he felt it bitterly that she should hold him up to scorn. He wondered she did not know that it was he who kept her in Alaska, and he wanted to tell her that it was only since the mail had come in, that unexpected chaos reigned, that he had thoroughly realized it all; the Great War was making an incision of the empire, realized that he was

HE HAD gone to Lemona to tell her so and behold, she and her uncle were making a rare visit to Lockhart's Crossing. He felt if he started out in the grove, he had some chance of seeing her there, of speaking the evening with her of explaining and throwing out the whole matter before they parted for perhaps some he was going to the South—no, he had left a letter for her, but he was

What if it was cold? As long as things went well, she cold didn't really matter. Nine hours to Lockhart's Crossing, and his gear was already there. What could happen to him in nine hours with Nemo to keep him company? And as for the summer Artificial Forks, he had lost the right trail so often he really did not see how he could be wrong.

"Geeing," said he to Pete Taylor, a
he and Swampy slipped out of the d

Suspects of Senger murder taken on his Eastern farm.

[illegible]

THE Artful Fiske had a sinister reputation among the county inhabitants of the district. Few rivers met those in

"Slacker!" he heard she had said. "I call a man who does not join up who has another month here, a slacker!"

"Boiling," said he to Pete Taylor, a
he and Swamp climbed out of the d



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Contents of Reviews

THE NEW RULERS OF RUSSIA	43	CHINESE IN EUROPE	55
THE DEPENDENCY OF NEW YORK	44	THE FUTURE OF THE AIRPLANE	56
A NEW CHIEF FOR THE BATHING	45	WHAT SHOULD BEHOLD THE	58
HEROISM OF THE GLASS HOUSE	46	BY GERMAN SHIP	59
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	47	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	60
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	48	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	61
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	49	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	62
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	50	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	63
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	51	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	64
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	52	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	65
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	53	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	66
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	54	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	67
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	55	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	68
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	56	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	69
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	57	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	70
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	58	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	71
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	59	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	72
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	60	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	73
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	61	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	74
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	62	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	75
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	63	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	76
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	64	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	77
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	65	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	78
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	66	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	79
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	67	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	80
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	68	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	81
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	69	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	82
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	70	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	83
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	71	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	84
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	72	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	85
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	73	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	86
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	74	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	87
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	75	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	88
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	76	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	89
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	77	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	90
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	78	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	91
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	79	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	92
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	80	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	93
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	81	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	94
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	82	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	95
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	83	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	96
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	84	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	97
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	85	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	98
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	86	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	99
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	87	THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	100

The New Rulers of Russia

A Review of the Men at the Head of the Provisional Government

AMONG them the new rulers of Russia are the most interesting of the present. They are the men who have taken the helm of the Russian Republic. They are the men who have taken the helm of the Russian Republic. They are the men who have taken the helm of the Russian Republic.

What from the new government will take the helm of the Russian Republic. They are the men who have taken the helm of the Russian Republic. They are the men who have taken the helm of the Russian Republic.

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who applied to work with medical assistance, were not to be refused. The Emperor then attended the sick, from the first, with the feeling of a Russian ruler. And Prince



From the Evening Post (New York). The Duke now hides the scepter.

Lord, history will remember, has brought about the end of the old empire of the Russian Empire.

and it here in the wilderness. The gray water that threatened had him, had him, had him.

He was among the dark, too. The wooded, snow-covered timber on the banks was entirely a little heavier, and the river was more of a river.

And now he was going to die, he said to himself. He was going to die. Well, he had offered his life for his country. He was sure it should be so. He was sure that, perhaps, after all, Nan's cry would not be answered.

THESE came to him the thought that he would not die as O'Reilly had died, on all fronts, and if he stumbled on this bit that he would not die. He would stand and try to make a man, and if he could not, then he would be a man. He would be a man.

It would be better, more dignified, and to derive a certain satisfaction from the thought that he would die in a more dignified fashion than O'Reilly had done.

He could not have climbed high benches now, but he was no longer. In all his years, he had never been so high. He was all man, and he was all man.

It was a man, and he was a man. He was a man, and he was a man. He was a man, and he was a man. He was a man, and he was a man.

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HE STOOD now just a little higher than the surface of the river, but he could see that he had arrived at the river.

ing place of the water. It was cold, cold and gray, the leaped-up snow that covered everything was gray, cold and gray, the surface of the river was cold and gray.

This was the Arctic Forks where four long, straight rivers and one led out to the sea, and the Arctic Forks where four long, straight rivers and one led out to the sea, and the Arctic Forks where four long, straight rivers and one led out to the sea.

Not that it mattered. The death that had threatened him had been on his shoulder, and Nanook had gone. He seemed to stand there, and to be a man, and to be a man, and to be a man.

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ing in the situation at a glance. "Just in time!" and without another word he felt in his pocket for a piece of dried fish, and in two minutes a great fire was burning and leaping on the snow, the girl was laughing at him, the door was being hit with a stick, and the man was stepping of Paul's dog.

"Come and hit his head, Nan. Nan, Nan!" he said. "He's in there, I think he's only a dog, but he's only a dog."

"But," said Paul when he had said that, "he's only a dog, but he's only a dog, but he's only a dog, but he's only a dog."

The man looked up from his rubbing, and Paul saw a small look came into his eyes.

"He's only a dog," he repeated. "We were just looking for him, and we were just looking for him, and we were just looking for him, and we were just looking for him."

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Biology and the Nation's Food

How a Realization of Systematic Food Production and Lower Food Prices.

WE HATE, without argument, assume that at least a part of the food that is grown in our country is wasted. We know also that the crop year now closing was below normal, not only in this country, but also in others. If the waste actually were due to these two causes we might look forward to the future with complacency, for there would be no need and had success was only momentary.

That there are other and more permanent causes is shown in a recent article in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the facts given here apply in a general way to Canadian conditions.

During the last decade of the last century, says the writer, the average price of farm land in the United States rose ten per cent. During the same time there was an average increase of 47 per cent in the price of these products. Thus far in the present decade both these rates have been exceeded.

That increase in the price of land is due to two principal causes in the first place, by

the early encroachment of the public domain had been settled, and those who a few years earlier would have been content with the land were now restless with the necessity of buying. This greatly increased competition, and prices rose accordingly.

But the very fact that good farm lands were not coming into production so rapidly as formerly lowered the rate of increase in production. This raised the price of farm products, and this in turn, a further increase in the price of land. It appears, therefore, that we have arrived at a point where we rapidly approaching it, when increase in production of food no longer keeps pace with increase in population. Let us now consider a few of our leading food resources to see whether this mechanism is justified.

The average annual production of wheat in this country by the last year for the last three decades has been in bushels per capita: 17, 18 and 19, respectively. This shows a slight increase in production, as compared with increase in population. But there are two-year averages. The area of our wheat crop for each of the last ten years, ending with 1911, has been, in millions of acres: 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, and 36, respectively. The marked increase last year may be attributed to the stimulating effect of the high prices incident to war.

While wheat is our most important food crop, there is a more important crop than

considered in the entire reference to our national economy. It is corn, which is the average of any other crop, has a total value more than twice as great as in the principal crops of most production in this country. Even the great crop of last year was only one-third of the total value of corn. It is evident that we have reached a point where increase in the production of corn is not nearly keeping pace with increase in population.

It may not be out of place to remark that the present abnormal price of potatoes in this country is due to a shortage in the principal crops of most production in this country. Even the great crop of last year was only one-third of the total value of corn. It is evident that we have reached a point where increase in the production of corn is not nearly keeping pace with increase in population.

There were times when the American people were probably the equal of any people in the world in resources of food. That was when we had an excess of good agricultural land

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conscience rather the school was the good. Education for the natives is the last thing MacNair will stand for."

"As I told you, I will stand to MacNair. My people will not be afraid. The spectacle would be silly."

Lagorre, curled, drew, clow, and dropped his torso in a confidential whisper—"I can get you a hundred rifles and ten thousand cartridges in the hands of your people in ten days' time."

"Thank you, Mr. Lagorre. I don't need your gun."

The man made a gesture of impatience—"If you choose to ignore MacNair, you must, at least, be prepared to handle the Indians who will crowd your frontier like wolves when they hear you are under-slinging the H. B. C. When you explain that only those who are members of your school may trade at your post, you will be wrapped with ridicule. You can not teach the whole north."

"Those that you will be forced to turn away—who will they be?" They will not understand. Instead of returning to their houses, their camps and their families they will hang about your post, growing angrier and angrier with the passing of the days. And the hunger that gnaws at their bellies will arouse the latent bitterness of their hearts and then—MacNair has not already struck, he will strike then. For MacNair knows Indians and the workings of the Indian mind. He knows how the subtle hatred of their souls may be turned into a mighty flame. His Indians will circle among the houses, herds, and the banks of the Yellow Creek will be swept bare. MacNair will have struck. And with such consummate skill will he have been disarmed, that not the faintest breath of suspicion will point toward himself!"

"I shall tell to all sides, while my goods last, whether they are members of my school or not."

"That will be even worse than—"

"It seems you always think of the worst thing that could possibly happen," smiled the girl.

"To fear the worst, ah, saves the worst," smiled Lagorre.

"Don't cross a bridge till you get to it! It is not so simple, perhaps, but it saves a lot of needless worry."

"Forethought is better than hindsight" is usually unwise, and infinitely better afterwards. Hindsight comes at the last moment and is generally caused from the wrong end, I have found." The man leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes. "Oh, Miss Elfrida—wait! you need—an thinking of your welfare—of your safety, I have known you but a short time, an acquaintance is reckoned but already you have become more to me than—"

Miss Elfrida interrupted him with a pressure "Don't—please—"

Lagorre ignored the protest, and, using her hand to hold his own, spoke rapidly. "I will say to you—I have known it from the moment of our first meeting I love you! And I shall win you—and nothing will stop me!"

"Oh, don't—don't—stop—please!" The man bowed and released the hand "I can wait," he said, gravely. "But listen—for your own good—take my advice. I know the north. I was born on the north, and son of the north. I have sought only to help you. Why do you refuse to profit by my experience? Must you endure what I have endured to learn



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thousand dollars to your credit in the Canadian Bank at Montreal. As Mayor you've got to pay a visit to Perthshire in the mountains and attend a banquet there—that fits in the day and night. You've to take the eleven o'clock express back to Montreal, and at Goldmark Station you've to leave it, without being seen except by the conductor that's in with you. You've to wait there for the train from the East at Goldmark the only one he has to go to and see. All very easy in the fifty thousand and I'll take all I can for the conductors. Then you've to get to Delta town at your own way afterwards, and I'm to make tracks my own way. Here I get it right?

Wilder smiled. "You've got it, Jim (John)." "I know you'll come back to us, Bill," the other said. "It was the intention was here that once found the game. We all take of our hats to you. That was a great game of your playing 'Shovel' and 'crucible' here at Montreal, but I don't see what you were driving at. You've done it in style but I don't get it." "You don't have to get it," said Mayor's reply. "You couldn't if you tried." The other prepared to go, and spread the dust. The train was as fast as the capital and he could not have been outside. "Well, goodbye, Bill," he said. "This ain't the first time we've been in harness together and it won't be the last neither."

They shook hands. Jim Starboard disappeared, and the dust was blown away. "You're wrong," it is the last time, Jim. I've got some things to know that it's the last, last time of all. If it comes off. To all East or West; if it doesn't come off—no, it's got to come off! I'm taking it for her, but I know I'm making her too late. It's too late for her. I get to go on with it now. It's the last, last time though, as help me God!"

CHAPTER 3

IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE FORTNITE were in rebellion against the moment, and that hundreds of rebel insurgents were knocking in kind a hammer upon the plans. Never, perhaps, had the long equipment of the Rockies towers such a storm in the plains here except in a wider East. Like some red native of the northern wilds who mutters himself in fury to show how much he hates. From that day on, as the night, Nature, the lungs another, severed her own home, but not all men understood the agony of her own unsheltered, homeless, a quiet, wintering. He seemed as though she made the matter seemed in such contempt of all homes order by disturbing in her shock of storm on restless man who, having shamefully moved and repeated of his own more severe reference to the size he had forsaken.

In all the days of all the years he had seen the old Shovel never had such an opportunity for carrying out his dark purpose, and at Goldmark Station, in the swiftness of the moment, the thing was done which Starboard and himself had planned to do. The man who when refuge with the devil must have the devil's share, and the man who pulled the train at Goldmark, faced, as the night went on, that Nation.

which had given to such shelter of the storm, it seemed made him the victim of the storm. In the hours when he worked the ironmen's hand-car, he had been arranged, over the rails, up the grade and down the steeper through the foothills and out upon the prairie, he was possessed by a changed shape of rain and wind and hail, until at last he reached the point where he must forsake the hand-car and take the trail to his home in Anatopia.

IT WAS JUST before the break of dawn that, like one who had been hand-drawn by an arrow, with haggard, bloodless face, and deep shadowy eyes, with wasted hair and beard and a hand that clutched his chest at pain, Bill Shovel appeared on the steps of his back garden into his life and from there through the silent hall-way upstairs to his bedroom. There, meaner to himself, he had sadly under a borrowed board of the four the soaking clothes he wore. Then he got out another suit and hung the garments on a chair, as though he had taken them off for the night. The door, he crawled into bed, having drunk half a tumbler of red whiskey to check his terrible cold which had caused his lungs. For a long hour he suffered greatly, then, as dawn spread, he rose the hall.

A half hour later the Young Doctor was by his bedside, and when he sawed away from it to meet the sharp inquiry of Miss Percy's eyes, the look in her face would give to him as any anxious friend of the Mayor of Anatopia. Outside the door of the bedroom now word he used to John Percy suffered to send the order for his train.

"Fremont," he said. "All had worked out for Mother's plan, and all had worked off for Mother herself. He studied and read only just in its agony, several by second, for every day which Starboard had carried away to cover the fifty thousand dollars in the Canadian Bank, which in substance had been placed to his credit. But for hours after the train had left Goldmark Station were the excited, gaped mouths of the expression, in which the money was carried, found and returned who had been in the left and a shock in his excitement had seen only a thick man and a pistol. His explanation was finished."

It had all been perfectly done, and Anatopia had no suspicion of it. Mayor, Hendrick of its silence passed and removed the Scott's Arrow. He used as three arrows deep work on. Prayer meetings were held, resolutions of sympathy by his before were moved. The Young Doctor had almost to force his way to and from Bill Shovel's home, an emotional and performance were the people who watched him.

All that he could say was, "Where there's life there's hope," but from his mouth had been said nothing.

One man, far away at the capital—Terroron Brezard, the railway millionaire—had a very strong suspicion that the greatest train robber of modern times had been at work again; but when his doctor suffered him that Bill Shovel was alive, there was nothing to do.

AT THIS moment for a detective to have troubled the nation of Bill Shovel's complicity in Anatopia would have made the victim of a partisan populace.



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EVERY rock and rut in an old-fashioned road is an obstacle to the progress of Canada. It represents waste of taxpayers' road money. It increases the cost of "farm products. It causes unnecessary and expensive wear and tear upon vehicles. It wastes time—weekly. It is becoming recognized by engineers as a back-number affair—a relic from an outworn standpoint, a thing to be avoided. We must have

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And now he had nothing but gratitude and affection for the blinders. "Come, headed and open-hearted he had lived among them. Among them he had found 'peace', in them he had given 'grace', even when he had ridden with a nose-bunch and out a nod of rain. When Mrs. Fisher told Minnie in one of the no number who was free from agony that there were hundreds of people outside the West Ambler Hotel pining for his recovery, sending him their best wishes, he whispered: "That's good! That's good! If it's only last me that, isn't it? remember me kindly!"

Mrs. Fisher's eyes flashed, she saw deeper than anyone except the Young Doctor.

"It is true if you want to," she said. "You know you can live if you want to. You're not fighting; you're giving in to it."

They were sitting a little outside the hotel. How well he knew it! How deep a part it had played in his life!

"There's a load that is heavier than any, and by just a few more it will be all right."

"If they'll only feel like that, I'll be gone!" he whispered, a cloud upon his face—was, wanted, despairing look. His eyes, no flash about in his eyes, his house of life was crumbling, and he knew it, and in a year he was glad. Now and again when Core entered the room his wish followed her with a heavy look, in which there was the only gleam that lighted the darkness of his last days. When she came to him or back his forehead, the glimmer of a distant joy came into his eyes; and as he sat back after hours while she came to him and the end of his journey toward at his body to dismember it from the rest, in his mind he was saying: "It'll be all right; it'll be all right."

In the crowd of members of the Church class meeting, who wished to know and pray beside his bed, the Young Doctor gave a short drink.

"I'll only leave the end," he said. "He's all right; he's one of you. He knows the way home. He's not fit to leave or to speak, and I won't leave it." So it was that when the end came gently, and the knowledge of his quieting spread to his Minnie's mind, like a flash of flame, he drew himself up, and with a last flash of light through his glowing eyes towards his wife, he looked at her, and he whispered: "Could you have me, little girl?"

WITH widening eyes she found his rough, bearded cheek and lowered his to the pillow again with his arms at his shoulders and her hands under his head. A light came in his face for a moment, then a shadow covered it and he lay motionless. She could have sworn he said, almost perhaps Mrs. Fisher, who was bending over him.

Core more he turned his sightless eyes to the girl, and his fingers flattered towards her. As she took and pressed them gently, the Young Doctor turned away from the bed with a sigh, for in that moment Bill Minnie had gone upon his eternal voyage.

"What was it he said?" asked the Young Doctor later.

"He said, 'Hello, my dear, I'm here now,'" she replied.

"He didn't need to ask that," remarked Core, weeping. "He found mercy at the Camp Meeting."

"Perhaps," perhaps," remarked the Young Doctor as he closed his pocket-

bookcase case and prepared to go. "But I don't see a hard road to travel on the home side."

THE TRUE story of the Bank of America, and how it came to flourish in the United States, is a story that is so true it would not be happy if they did know. Neither would have accepted priority at the press. They are not dead, however, and people pay such debts as was or another.

THE END.

Romance of Power Development

Continued from page 28

more, the river is navigable and traffic is maintained by means of a small fleet of gasoline launches and chain tugs. From Chambers Falls to the dam site a standard gauge railway is operated, carrying loaded back and forth by electric engines, which have oil to avoid the danger of forest fires.

THE La Crosse project is not remarkable so much for the actual size of the dam project, as for the magnitude of the reservoir which it will create. So far as the more massive concrete dam, there are many larger dams.

Its length of 1750 feet is considered many times the length of the dam at the American dam, which is the world's largest dam at present, it will be entitled to premier position.

One really reviews a map of the country to move to a full appreciation of the extent of the project. It is a region of hills, large among low hills. The low water level of the water in these lakes will be raised from 7 feet in the case of the higher lake to 47 feet in the case of the lowest; much of the surrounding country will be flooded and in place of a mere 40 miles of water, there will be an extent of 100 miles of water, there will be no great reservoir over one hundred square miles in extent. The flooding of the country will not only increase the area of territory will equally tell of much trouble, but the quality and quantity of the water will be affected as much as to increase as very serious loss.

Briefly, the dam is to be, when complete,

more, the river is navigable and traffic is maintained by means of a small fleet of gasoline launches and chain tugs. From Chambers Falls to the dam site a standard gauge railway is operated, carrying loaded back and forth by electric engines, which have oil to avoid the danger of forest fires.

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1729 feet long, built in four sections/containing at about angles. Seven hundred feet of the dam will form an average



flow west. Its top height is 100 feet below the crest of the remaining part of the dam. The concrete structure was still 215 feet in length. The

will be 40 feet wide at the base and 20 feet wide at the crest and is being built of concrete masonry. Five gates, each 15 feet high and 12 feet wide, will be installed, giving a possible discharge of about 45,000 cubic feet of water per second.

THE cost for the construction of the dam is an estimated cost of a million and a half dollars was set in the spring of 1935, and much preliminary work was done during the 1935 season. The results of last year's operations may be thus summarized. The work of the river was unaltered, increased and the dam built up to elevation 1275 for the channel part and to 1280 for a short distance each side. The widening of the west channel, which is the main part of the river, was commenced, and the low bridge destroyed to the east channel over the concrete built up to elevation 1275.

A small power development was installed at Le Lacrosse Falls two miles below the site of the dam, which develops 1100 h.p. under a head of 25 feet. This power is transmitted to the river of operations where it is used for lighting purposes and the driving of machinery.

A plant capable of making five hundred cubic yards of masonry per day has been established at the dam. Stone is taken from a quarry about a quarter of a mile away; it is loaded to the crushers, where it is broken to the proper size; and is then stored in large bins until required at the moment. The sand is procured from a pit located about six miles from the works and is brought to the dam site in dump cars operated along the outcrops' were removed. It is anticipated that the work will be sufficiently advanced this year to allow of the storage of the flood waters of 1938 in the dam.

AND now what is to be gained by the completion of this extraordinary undertaking? Let us see. From calculations made over a period of many years at Shawinigan Falls, it was ascertained that the maximum flow of water per second during that period amounted to approximately 6,000 cubic feet per second. That flow naturally determined the primary power available at this particular point on the river and it was taken as the basis for figuring out possible expansion. Without entering into an explanation of how the problem

was actually worked out, it may be stated that expansion of the dam, by the use of the storage dam, was proved



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to be feasible in the extent of 10,000 cubic feet per second. The lower, however, for all possible deflections, it was decided to limit the enlarged flow to 12,000 cubic feet per second, at which point the maximum current of the year would be twice that before regulation. This increased flow will exactly double the primary power at Shawanigan Falls, while it will more than double the primary power at the falls higher up the river.

Superficially, one may be inclined to regard the far-fetched, unbridled project at La Londe, hundreds of miles beyond the pale of civilization in Quebec, as something apart, a mere curiosity, without any apparent bearing on everyday affairs. But it is really so detached from the lives of the people? Is there not a very vital connection between it and the civilized home?

From the distant mountainous reserves there will come pouring down all through the depths of summer a steady and equalized flow of water. It will reach the power dams at La Londe, Grand Mere and Shawanigan Falls. There it will double the quantity of electrical energy developed hitherto. This increased power will come flowing over the trans-



mission lines to Montreal, to Three Rivers, to Quebec and on to all the towns and villages between. It will enter the mills and the factories — more homes and more factories than ever before — and in the aggregate it will perform double the tasks that it could accomplish before.

That will be the immediate achievement of this one, amazing enterprise. But conservation work on the St. Maurice is only a beginning, an isolated instance. Other rivers throughout Canada will have to be treated similarly, if the country would derive the greatest possible advantage from its water-power. The wastes during the period of spring floods in excess of 10,000 cubic feet per second surplus water and to serve it not as a seed, during the drier seasons of the year is to put this operating a policy quite sensible and profitable.

Then there will be a vast increase in the quantity of hydro-electric energy available, while the industry, transportation, public service and the home. Already Canada is in a premier position as regards the per capita consumption of electric power. Such developments as that in the St. Maurice River will secure her enhanced supremacy in this regard. And it will be more noticeable in the home that the advantage of greater power will be most felt. The application of the electric current to relieve the drudgery of the housewife's daily tasks is one of the greatest boon that the age has conferred and the rapid expansion of the use of electricity in the home is a conspicuous feature of the day.

The heating of houses by electricity is still an alluring prospect untried, but it is common. The dam at La Londe is a step in that direction. Meanwhile the electric current is sinking into many homes as the cleaner, quieter and most efficient of servants. Its use as an illuminant is too commonplace almost to men-

tion, though there are frequently new applications in the sphere of lighting that are deserving of attention, as making for greater comfort and efficiency. The electric stove is something that has become a part of the modern home, and is steadily less conspicuous. On account of its compactness, cleanliness and reliability, it is finding favor in many homes. Vacuum cleaners, operated by means of electric motors, are a feature which the housewife, who would fain escape the back-breaking burden of the broom and the dustpan, can afford to do without.

This again, electric power has brought results in other directions. The toaster and the percolator on the breakfast table save both time and effort in the operations and efficiency with which they perform their respective tasks. The electric fan has been a health-bringer and a health-preserver in the dog days of summer. The labor of driving a sewing-machine by foot power for hours at a time is lightened by the facile attachment of a small motor, while the washing machine, electric-operated, is a household labor, the value of which cannot be overestimated.

For a time there was a tendency to regard electric apparatus in house-work as a luxury beyond the purchasing ability of the average person. This view is rapidly being changed. People do not think so much in dread of the cost of a particular article as of the saving it will effect. If a housewife can save her time and her health by utilizing, let us say, a vacuum cleaner, then that saving is dollars and cents should be her aim, and not what the convenience in the machine is rendered. Economy is a good thing but it may be regarded in a false light if it means: a woman may save herself out in struggling along with her housework in the old-fashioned way, when a comparatively small investment in labor-saving electric apparatus would lighten her burden and give her leisure for the pursuit of health and pleasure.

And it is extremely interesting to note just here that the relief comes in the form of a new and independent activity in the development of hydro-electric energy.

The quantity of the investment has been at work, with the gratifying result that another means of generating electric power, which is both simple and convenient, has been devised. The householder can have his own system and manufacture his own electricity. Gasoline or coal oil is an inefficient source of power. With gasoline engines, dynamo and storage batteries he can develop and store all necessary energy for household requirements. The next system, which makes his owner quite independent, is one of the most interesting inventions of the day and it is to be hoped it will be the next and operated so cheaply that it is bound to play an important part in the home life of the community. For a truth the dam of the electric age is breaking!

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people advantaged in the *Realibria* Cam? See it.

As I look back the thing that stands out most vividly from the background of these varied activities was the election we participated in during that summer of 1917. It was the first time that women were permitted to vote in a Parliament, and three candidates were nominated—a Liberal, a Conservative, and a supporter of women's suffrage. The Liberal and the Conservative were men, and the latter was the only woman in the race. The Liberal and the Conservative were wary plank all-year campaigners, meetings were held and the campaign took on more rural features, spending the time in the country and visiting the villages. The fervor of that election made the efforts of the *Protes* and *Shanks* of Emswiler seem dignified and mad. After the election, the results were announced, and you may say—the results were announced by the Mayor of Rochester, whose chief of office consisted of a string of clerical cars. The women suffrage

Thus we lived, making the best of everything; joking and laughing; sometimes with aching hearts, always with a sense of the misery and suffering around us; longing for the day of deliverance but struggling to escape the evil effects that came from such enforced idleness. As I look back I realize how heavy most of them were. They are there yet—most of them, and I will stake my all that there still lives up the same heavy front. Four follow.

TOWNSIDE the middle of September, 1918, I became seriously ill. As a conscientious objector, I was sent to a hospital in North Devon, a civil prison of war I remained over an month. I was treated in a stuffy workroom and had no opportunity of taking from air and exercise during the whole time. Although my means suddenly ceased I had to continue to work in the hospital. I was a very bad man indeed and had to witness the death struggles of many of them. What I suffered on this atmosphere of misery, sickness and death at those times is hard to describe. What helped me to endure it was the fact that I always was permitted to see my friends and write and receive letters.

I went in person after petition to the authorities to be permitted to go to a vacation in some part of Germany, but needless to say, they were all refused. At last, however, I heard to my great joy that I would be permitted to proceed to West Germany.

Then followed weeks of suspense. Would I really be allowed to leave or not? In the morning of the 9th of April, 1918, I was informed that a soldier would call for me in afternoon.

He came at 3 o'clock and conducted me to the station. Here we met Lieutenant R., one of the officers of the camp, who escorted me to the Steam Dredger. I was at liberty at last! What a glorious feeling to be free again, and in such a beautiful country!

The beauties of nature do a lot to compensate me for all I have suffered. Not a sound of the great war reaches me in the little farm house, high up in the mountains, where I have found a refuge for the present, and where I hope to remain my death.



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